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THE ADELPHI

N O R M A,

UNA GRANDIOSA, TRAGICA, COMICA, SERIA, DOMESTICA, MUSICA, BURLESQUA,

BURLETTA.

FREELY RENDERED NOT FROM THE ITALIAN.

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*THE WHOLE of the MUSIC adapted by Mr. M. CORRI.*  
FROM BELLINI'S OPERA.  
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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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Pollio..... (*a Roman Pro-Cousul*) ..... Mrs. H. P. GRATTAN,  
Flavius.....(*a Centurion*)..... Miss MORTIMER,  
Oroveso.....(*the Arch Druid*)..... Mrs. FOSBROKE,  
Norma.....(*a Druidess*)..... Mr. PAUL BEDFORD  
Adalgisa..... Mr. WRIGHT,  
Clotilda, ..... Mr. FORDE.



THE ADELPHI  
N O R M A.

CHORUS.

Rid us from this foreign foe,  
Free us from this bondage, oh,  
We'll worship thee from top to toe,  
But blow them to old Nick!

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

*Enter* POLLIO AND FLAVIUS.

FLAVIUS.

Now we, brave Pollio, must take our *leaves*.

POLLIO.

Ignoble thought!—sneak away like thieves!

FLAVIUS.

Death lurks here, I knòw in every thicket,  
We'd better quickly take our travelling-tick  
So Norma says—let's quit before *To-morrer*.

POLLIO.

The name of Norma fills me full of horror.  
My love for Norma's gone—I cannot smother  
This flare-up—flame—be mum—I love—anothe  
Last night I'd a vision—can't be told—

FLAVIUS.

Can't it

POLLIO.

Yes—I'll trust you—listen while I chant it.

## GRAND SCENA.—POLLIO.

*Air,—“ Norma.”*

Sweet Adalgisa willingly  
 Went walking in the grove,  
 She blush'd, and looked so killingly,  
 Because I spoke of love.  
 I made her speeches superfine,  
 Perch'd on the stump of a walnut tree ;  
 For I'm but four feet nine,  
 And she's near six feet two or three.  
 Mighty Mars, I crave to aid me,  
 The sword of strife unsheathing ;  
 I swear by him that made me,  
 I'll fear no mortal breathing.  
 I'll claim my Adalgisa,  
 All the threats of danger spurning ;  
 Or else I swear you'll see, Sir,  
 Their goods and chattels burning.

*[Exit POLLIO and FLAVIUS, R. H.]*

*Enter OROVESO, PRIESTS, PRIESTESSES, WARRIORS, &c. with  
 Torches, &c.*

## CHORUS.

Rid us from this foreign foe,  
 Free us from this bondage, oh,  
 We'll worship thee from toe to toe,  
 But blow them to old Nick !

*Enter NORMA, attended by other Virgins.*

## NORMA—RECITATIVE.

What's all this row here—what is all this bother ?—  
 Silence, ye billy-goats, be quiet, if another



Comes to dictate to me, your Virgin-Priestess, Norma—  
I'll kick him from this place to one he'll find much warmer!

OROVESO--RECITATIVE.

How long shall we submit?—Brenno's sword is thusty,  
It must be dipt in blood—or it will soon get rusty.

CHORUS.

Oh yes.

CHORUS—RECITATIVE.

*Aira—“ Rise Gentle Moon,”*

NORMA,

Behold the moon—

[MOON enters and stands in front of Altar.

And see, she winks her eye,

To find out what she means, I now will try.

*NORMA places Vegetables through the Fire on the Altar—The Moon  
opens her mouth—NORMA places Vegetables therein.*

NORMA (*advancing*) - RECITATIVE.

The sacrifice is accepted!—let us now rejoice,  
From the Temple I'll proclaim, with thundering voice,  
The time for vengeance—

CHORUS.

Oh, yes.

Let it thunder now!

OROVESO.

Let their Pro-Consul Pollio first fall—

NORMA.—[RECITATIVE—PIANO.]—(*Aside.*)

That name doth all my virgin-love recall!  
Pollio, Pollio!—Oh, warrior most bewitching,  
Alas! for Pollio, with love my heart is itching.  
He down shall go—aye dead as any hammer!

[Moon sneezes three times.

Oh, Moon, forgive me for telling such a crammer.

CHORUS.

Oh, yes.

[*Moon goes off.*]

Rid us from this foreign foe,

Free us from this bondage, oh,

We'll worship thee from top to toe,

But blow them to old Nick.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

Enter ADALGISA, R.

ADALGISA.—[RECITATIVE,]—(Soft.)

The sacred forest is free from all intruders,

No men are here allowed, the gay deluders.

Here I give way to moping, here I cry

Alone in silence, here, I pipe my eye ;

I'm wasting all away, I'm getting pale and haggard,

It's all along of Pollio, seductive blackguard.

Enter POLLIO AND FLAVIUS.

POLLIO.—[RECITATIVE.]

'Tis she—begone !

FLAVIUS.

To speak to her's high-treason.

POLLIO.

Get out you pump—

FLAVIUS.

He will not list to reason.

[*Exit, R.*]

POLLIO.

Adalgisa !

ADALGISA.

Pollio !

POLLIO.

Angelic Adalgisa !

ADALGISA.

What brought you here ?—Oh, gemmini, crankum tweezer !

POLLIO.

Take not thy virgin charms from these fond eyes,

Some pity have, or else thy Pollio dies.

NORMA.

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ADALGISA.

O, leave me, noble warrior, to my devotions,  
My fluttering heart seems fill'd with soft emotions.

[ *Going*

'Till now I dwelt in Paradise.

POLLIO.

You may so still,

I live in Paradise—Row on Rome's high hill—  
There we will dwell, and all day love and cuddle.

ADALGISA.

O, fie, for shame! my head seems in a muddle.

DUET.

*Air, Norma—"By yon Crescent."*

POLLIO.

From yon crescent moon, now beaming,  
Far brighter than a rushlight,  
Like you, with beauty teeming,  
I love you—Honour bright!

ADALGISA.

From yon crescent moon, now beaming,  
Like me, a virgin bright,  
I will banish all my dreaming,  
And say to you—Good night.

POLLIO.

I will keep you like a lady queen ;  
On a Sunday—on a Sunday—out we'll go, love ;  
Take our tea in an arbour's shady green,  
Or on the river—on the river—have a row, love.  
The bright gas-lamp, well lighted,  
Will light me to thy lane,  
And by parson once united,

B

No blacksmith—no blacksmith—can break the chain !  
 Shall I a chaise for flight prepare ?

ADALGISA.

I promise—by yon crescent moon I swear !

BOTH.

Here, below, or above, the lord of all is love—  
 Is love—is love—the lord of all is love.

[*At the end of Duet, they ~~Exit~~ severally.*

*Enter NORMA with Two Children, L. one tall and in-kneed; the other short, bow-legged. CLOTILDA follows, looking as after a heavy wash.*

NORMA.—(*wildly.*)

Take these lovely kids away—begone, and hide 'em.

[*CLOTILDA beats them.*

What the devil are you at ? I didn't bid you chide 'em.

CLOTILDA.

Why, Missis, sure you told me now to hide them.

Thrust away your offspring ?—are you a mother ?

NORMA.

And what if I am, ma'm ? You're another.

'Tilda, I say, fly, take away these brats—

Get supper.

CLOTILDA.

What will ycu have, ma'm ?

NORMA.

Sprats.

[*CLOTILDA places Children to sleep on Couch—Exit. R.*

*Enter ADALGISA, L.*

Adalgisa !

ADALGISA.—(*Aside.*)

Norma ! how my bosom twitters.

NORMA.

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NORMA.

Approach me, maiden.

I hear with heavy secrets you are laden.

*Come up*, my love, and let me know thy woes.

What is thy sad secret? To Norma now disclose.

ADALGISA.

I'm in love.

From home and altars was going to remove;

NORMA.

Now, tell me, maid, his name who caus'd this folly.

*Re-enter* POLLIO.

ADALGISA,

O!

Behold him there!

NORMA.

What, he? My pretty Pollic?

My Pollio false? Now, don't dissemble—

If you are, look out! O, Pollio, tremble!

Seducer of innocence!

POLLIO.

Norma, ma'm, be quiet.

When I made love to you, you made no riot;

In loving now another I see no impropriety—

I'm but like other men, fond, ma'm of variety.

NORMA.

When a single pigeon on the fire's set to stew,

There's enough for *one*, but not enough for *two*.

POLLIO.

Why should my fancies be blackened into sins?

NORMA.

Think of our children—think upon our twins.

Protect your offspring!

ADALGISA.

With rage her eyes do gleam up!

NORMA.

Traitor! dread me, for you have put my steam up!

POLLIO.

Boil over, if you like—I love now Adalgisa!

ADALGISA.

Don't aggravate her longer. Stop her—ease her!

TRIO.—*Air*, NORMA.

NORMA.

Hence! thou base one—from here vanish straight,

Leave your babbies to the work'us;

Do'st think to play these antics here,

By impudence to burk us?

POLLIO.

Don't annoy me.

NORMA.

I'll annoy thee.

POLLIO.

I tell you, Norma, its no use

To kick up all this bother;

I'll have as many as I choose.

Begone—I love another!

NORMA.

Pry'thee toddle.

POLLIO.

won't toddle.

He won't toddle.

ADALGISA.

You won't?

NORMA.

I won't!

POLLIO.

NORMA,

Away! and take your saucy face,

That all the girls bewitches;

I stand no nonsense, traitor, base!

I won't, Pol.—dash my breeches!

POLLIO.

Adalgisa! Adalgisa!

NORMA,—(*separating them.*)

Let her go, Pol., if you please, sir.

POLLIO.

I lov'd you once, but let that pass,

You then were young and plummy;

But you've become too fat, my lass;

You've grown too coarse and crummy!

NORMA.

I'm too crummy.

POLLIO.

You're too crummy.

ADALGISA,—(*aside.*)

She's too crummy.

CHORUS—(*without.*)

Norma! Norma! Norma! To the altar!

NORMA.

The voice of vengeance bellows loud;

On your head I'll invoke it.

POLLIO.

I don't care two-pence if you do —

Put that in your pipe and smoke it.

NORMA.

You don't care two-pence ?

POLLIO.

I don't care two-pence !

ADALGISA.

He don't care two-pence.

*He takes ADALGISA, tries to kiss her, each time NORMA pulls him away in a tragic manner—at last NORMA thrusts him off R—stands clasping her forehead—NORMA sinks on Couch.*

NORMA.

Soundly they snore—they're fast as any rocks ;

Blessed innocents ! my pretty bantam cocks !

For their cruel father they must suffer,

And may remorse for ever sting the buffer !

*[Tries to stab the Children—she falters—snatches them up in her arms.*

I cannot stick those beauteous babes, like pigs !

*Enter CLOTILDA,—(from Cave.)*

CLOTILDA.

What, out of bed, boys ! Again, sirs, at your rigs ?

NORMA.

'Tilda, run quickly ! bring hither Adalgisa,

I have some news to tell her that will please her.

*[Exit CLOTILDA.*

*Enter ADALGISA.*

NORMA to ADALGISA.

At desperate deeds I'm going to have a shy—

My mind's made up—I'm going, love, to die.

*[During Duet. Children kneel with NORMA to ADALGISA—CLOTILDA re-enters and takes them off.*

DUET....-NORMA and ADALGISA,

NORMA.

For these lovely kids I pray thee ;

As thine own they will obey thee :

Not for rowdy—not for splendour—

Rank and chink to thee I render ;



Keep them, dearest, from the gutter,  
 Give them lots of bread and butter ;  
 And, remember, 'twas thy beauty  
 That put out their poor Ma's nose :  
 To clothe and grub them is your duty,  
 When their Ma has cock'd her toes.

ADALGISA.

For these lovely kids you pray me ;  
 As mine own they will obey me :  
 Not for rowdy—not for splendour—  
 Rank and chink to mine you render.  
 I will keep them from the gutter,  
 Give them lots of bread and butter ;  
 I'll remember 'twas my beauty  
 That put out their poor Ma's nose ;  
 To clothe and grub them be my duty,  
 When their Ma has cock'd her toes.

ADALGISA and NORMA

Together we'll wander in the grove ;  
 No wicked men our hearts trepanning ;  
 Far from this wood we'll drive the saucy cove—  
 If he's caught he'll catch a tanning.  
 Calmly the jack-a-dandy  
 We'll cast, love, from our breast ;  
 Get comfort from French brandy,  
 Or some of Rhodes's best.

[*Exit* ADALGISA

*Enter* OMNES.

CHORUS,  
 Slaughter ! Slaughter !

NORMA.

NORMA.

Oh! ye sacred one's attend, another  
Victim in our flames mut fry and smother,  
A perjured priestess.

POLLIO.

Who is she? Speak---we in the flames will warm her,  
Who's the unvirtuous virgin?

[Looks at POLLIO.

Norma!

NORMA.

FINAL

GROVESO AND CHORUS.

Vengeance! vengeance! slaughter! slaughter!

Let their blood flow like pump water.

GROVESO.

Take away my perjured daughter.

NORMA.

Farewell, friends---I'll die a snorter!

*Music breaks out very forte---They throw a Black Veil over her---she  
screams and kicks, as Curtain falls---red fire, &c.*

THE END.



